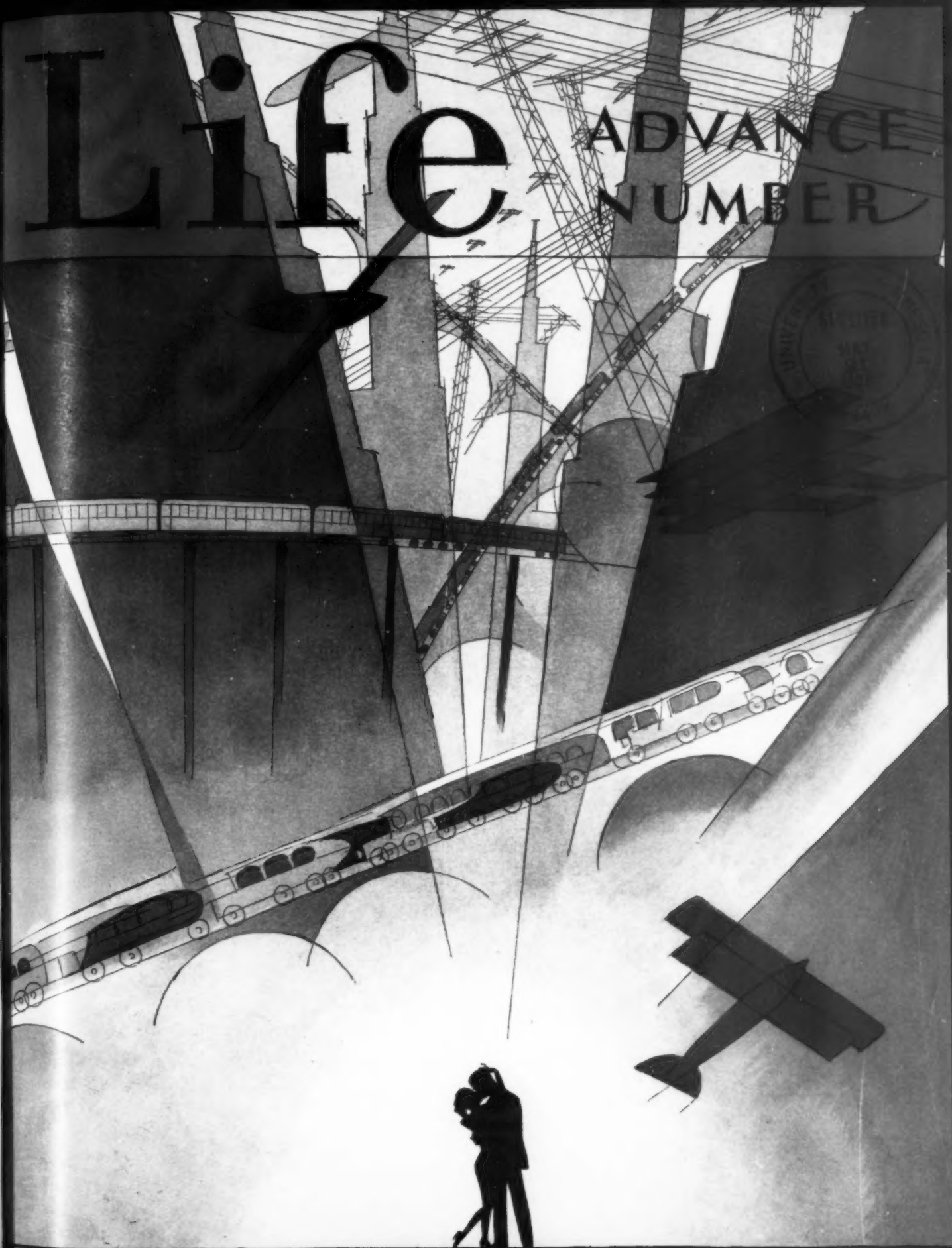


Life

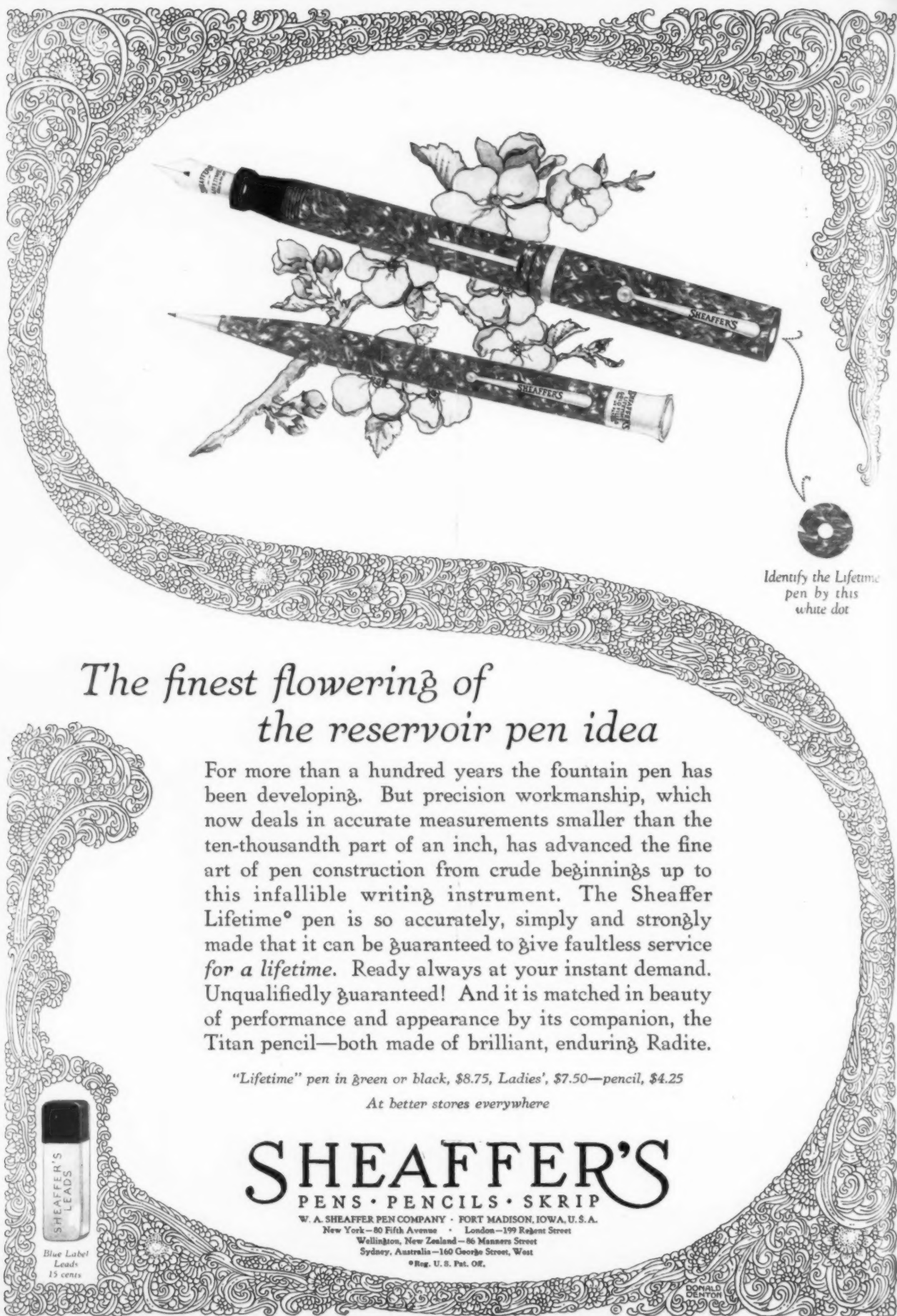
ADVANCE
NUMBER



MAY 26, 1927

THERE'S ONE THING THEY CAN'T IMPROVE

PRICE 15 CENTS



Identify the Lifetime
pen by this
white dot

The finest flowering of the reservoir pen idea

For more than a hundred years the fountain pen has been developing. But precision workmanship, which now deals in accurate measurements smaller than the ten-thousandth part of an inch, has advanced the fine art of pen construction from crude beginnings up to this infallible writing instrument. The Sheaffer Lifetime[®] pen is so accurately, simply and strongly made that it can be guaranteed to give faultless service *for a lifetime*. Ready always at your instant demand. Unqualifiedly guaranteed! And it is matched in beauty of performance and appearance by its companion, the Titan pencil—both made of brilliant, enduring Radite.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, \$8.75, Ladies', \$7.50—pencil, \$4.25

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Blue Label
Leads
15 cents

DONALD
DENTON



IN THE FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS
 UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

*T*HERE is nothing in motoring to surpass the luxury and ease of the straight eight. And among straight eights there is nothing to equal Hupmobile distinction and performance save one very costly European car. Custom bodies by Dietrich, created and built exclusively for this magnificent chassis, are available.

Beauty, Color Options, Luxury in fourteen enclosed and open bodies
 \$1945 to \$5795 f.o.b. Detroit, plus revenue tax

HUPMOBILE

8

THE DISTINGUISHED EIGHT

A R T I S T R Y



Italian Renaissance Coffee Set specially wrought by hand for Charles M. Schwab. A more delightful example of the silverware of this period could scarcely be imagined. Note the beauty of form and the refinement of its ornamentation.

AFTER the manner of the 16th Century Silversmiths the Gorham Master Craftsmen shaped this exquisite service from flat sheets of sterling. Aided only by the simplest hand tools, hours of painstaking skill were devoted to its creation.

Such superb work can come only from the most expert hands. It is the supreme test of the silversmith: craftsmanship raised to artistry.

Other Gorham masterpieces are to be found at your jeweler's: Tea Sets, Coffee Sets and Table Ware, wrought by the same Gorham Master Craftsmen who created this distinguished service.

Herbert C. Lloyd, a Gorham Master Craftsman for 46 years, was one of those who created the Schwab Coffee Set. Mr. Lloyd still devotes his skill to the decoration of Gorham Sterling.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



NEW YORK, N. Y.

Member of the Sterling Silversmith's Guild of America

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Pub. Co., 598 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 89, No. 2325. May 26, 1927. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1927, Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British Possessions.



Granddaddy Satan: WELL, SUGAR,
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HELL?
Critical Flapper: NOT SO HOT, OLD
DEAR, NOT SO HOT.

Tragedy of High Life

MRS. Van Vanderveer Schuyler Van Vanderveer
Dwelt in a triplex apartment on the thirty-fourth
story of the Plutocrat Towers.
Forty thousand dollars a year it cost her for the open
fireplaces and solid silver hardware on the doors,
and other expensive trimmings,
Not to mention the fourteen-carat gold bathroom fix-
tures and real cutglass showers.

Mrs. Van Vanderveer Schuyler Van Vanderveer,
Breakfasting in her genuine antique bed that used to
belong to Marie Antoinette, Du Barry or one of
that crew,
Daintily consuming her morning caviar and champagne
which is terrible for breakfast but awfully ex-
pensive,
Mrs. Van and so forth suddenly sees an item in her
morning newspaper that strikes her like what
might not inaccurately be called "a bolt from
the blue."

"The Cræsus Towers," she reads, "the
new apartment hotel, will be
sixty-seven stories,
With no apartment cheaper than sev-
enty-four thousand dollars a year.
All the trimmings will be eighteen-carat
gold except the bathroom fixtures,
Which will be solid platinum, and the
shower baths will be something
equally dear."

Mrs. Van Vanderveer Schuyler Van
Vanderveer
With a cry of horror springs from her
costly and aristocratic bed,
Seizes her six-hundred-thousand-dollar
pearl necklace and, fastening it
around her neck, hangs herself
from the chandelier,

Where she is found several hours later by her retinue
of servants, cold and dead.

This is the simple tale of Mrs. Van Vanderveer Schuyler
Van Vanderveer.
Ponder upon the tragic lesson that it tells:
Better humble contentment in a modest six-thousand-
dollar apartment on West End Avenue
Than grief and sorrow in the homes where opulence
dwells.

Newman Levy.

Let Us Re-Joyce

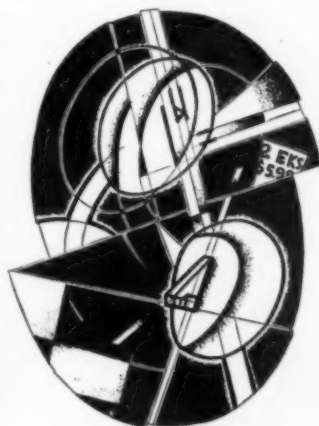
AND then there's this way of writing and a fine sap
anybody is to read it you just put down whatever
comes into your head and that's art yes it is like fun you
can't be blamed for what comes into your head but you
certainly ought to use your judgment about what comes
out still nature abhors a vacuum my mother abhorred
vacuum cleaners she said they made a horrible noise
brr brr brr shut that damn thing up how
can I ever become a great writer well if
you think this is the way to become a
great writer you had better start right
in peddling bonds as if that made
any difference what's the difference be-
tween a no I don't guess I had better
put that in put that in block that kick
that kick here we go round the mul-
berry bush now you chase me now you're
getting maudlin come into the garden
maudlin heh heh heh I suppose you
think that's funny oh for God's sake
shut up!

Henry William Hanemann.

A Real Surprise

HUSBAND (seeing wife sewing on
tiny garment): Darling, you don't
mean —?

WIFE: Yes, dear, I'm making all my
own clothes now.



Now You Ask One!

"WHERE IS BAYREUTH?"

"HE'S STILL WITH THE VAN-
KEES, ISN'T HE?"

A Spine Song

(To Be Sung to the Good Old Pre-War Tune)

CALL a doctor in the night time

If your pulse is acting queer,
For with him it's just the right time

To remove your leg or ear.

CHORUS

For it's always fair weather
When Specialists get together,
With your lungs full of ether

And your fam'ly full of fear.
Oh, it's always fair weather
When Specialists get together,
With a spine on the table

And a good saw ringing clear.

J. S.

Back to Earth

CITY-DWELLER (twenty years hence): Yes, we've given up our tower apartment and moved down to the ground floor. We liked it up there, but the noise of the air traffic was simply terrific.



The Air Pedestrian

"WHY, WHIFFINGTON! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! YOU ACTUALLY LET THAT MAN GET AWAY!"



Modern Art Exhibit

Not-So-Nearsighted Old Lady: IF THESE ARE STRICTLY FRESH, I'LL TAKE A DOZEN.

Open Letter

Knob Center, Ind., May 23,

Mr. Calvin Coolidge,
General Delivery,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR CAL:

Whereas, you have been driven from home by painters and paper-hangers, the members of the Knob Center Chamber of Commerce extend to you their heartfelt sympathy.

As we also see by the Knob Center Enterprise that you contemplate a vacation in the Wild West, we desire to call your attention to the advantages of our thriving little city. We have to offer:

1.) Our farmers have gone in for sugar beets (protected) and are not looking for relief.

2.) Mr. Sam Blossom's stone quarry offers good fishing and looks like a Vermont farm.

3.) Mr. Pat Angelo, our genial and leading photographer *par excellence*, specializes, at moderate rates, on hay-pitching, plowing and other pastoral scenes.

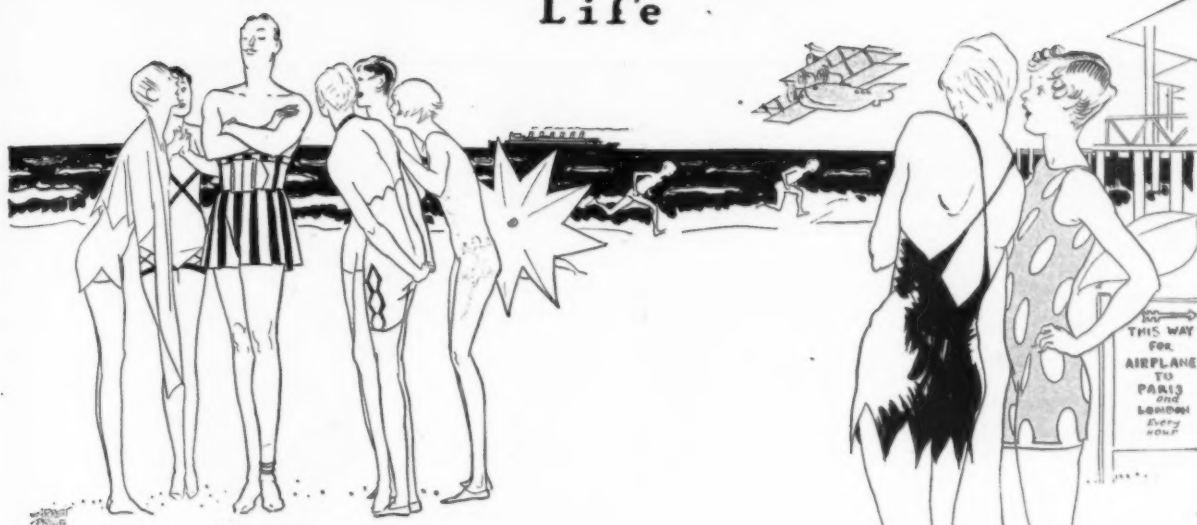
4.) Mr. Hiram Bogg's gulch back of town is famed for its triple echo and gives three words back for every one uttered.

5.) We have no bolsheviks, Senators or mosquitoes.

You'll like Knob Center. Others do. Come on out, Cal, and we'll show you a real Hoosier welcome.

Yours for a Bigger, Greater and Better Knob Center,
THE KNOB CENTER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

herb
roth



"THEY TELL ME HE COMES OF A VERY DISTINGUISHED ANCESTRY."
 "YES—HIS GRANDFATHER WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL USHERS IN THE PARAMOUNT THEATRE."

Conversation in 1975

"MR. WILLETT, I'd like you to meet Miss Mason."
 "How do you do, Miss Mason."
 "How do you do, Mr. Willett. I'm so glad to meet you; I've heard so much about you! Tell me, are you from a large educational institution in seven letters situated in an Eastern State beginning with M?"
 "Yes. You're at a women's college founded by a wealthy brewer of Poughkeepsie, are you not?"
 "That's right. Shall we—as they used to say on the stage in the Tur-

bulent Twenties—sit down?... Now, what are you in, Mr. Willett? The bond business?"

"No-o. I'll act it out for you." (He changes his costume and appears in an old shabby suit, turning his empty pockets inside out.)
 "That's the first syllable."

"What is it? Broke?"
 "Good! Now, my second syllable—"

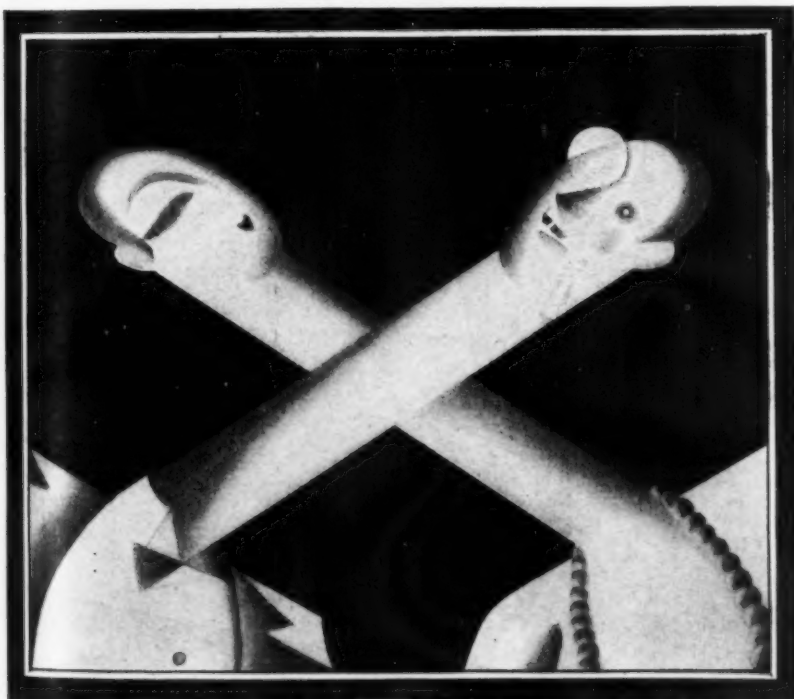
"I know. You're a broker."
 "You're wonderful, Miss Mason!"
 "Oh! Do you really think so?"
 "I'd like to tell you what I really think."

"Well—not here, please!"
 "Miss Mason, may I take you home in my aeroplane?"
 "What kind is it?"

"I can tell you in a little acrostic: 'My first is a kind of penny whistle; my second's a toothbrush without any bristle; my whole is a —'"

"Just wait till I get my stockings and coat, will you, Mr. Willett?"

Norman R. Jaffray.



"I'VE HAD A TERRIBLE WARNING OF APPROACHING DEATH."

"NO, REALLY?"

"YES, I BOUGHT ONE OF THOSE LIFETIME FOUNTAIN PENS, AND IT'S BROKEN."

LIFE in the United States of America: Just one banned thing after another.



Another Mexican
Caricaturist

*Gloria Swanson, Paul Whiteman, Pola Negri,
Babe Ruth and President Calles — from the
Pan-American Viewpoint of A. X. Peña*

Gabriel's Trump

THE moment had arrived. The clock on the desk of Gabriel, chief trumpeter for the Solar System, Inc., was jingling the hour. Gabriel, ever alert, ever dynamic, ever earnest, rose quickly from his swivel chair and approached the cabinet in the corner of his richly appointed offices in the Paradise Building. He was ready to announce the end of the world.

From the cabinet Gabriel took a beautifully silver-plated trumpet...and a gilded derby. Turning, the prominent angel picked up his hat, rushed into his private elevator and was lifted one hundred and forty-five floors above everything. Arriving at this high place, so very near the sun and just beyond the moon, Gabriel hung the gilded derby over his trumpet and, with his chest held high, blew with all his might...

Over all the earth reverberated the muffled notes from the trumpet of Gabriel. The sounds were familiar to the people—a new mechanique rhapsody, of course, though hardly a new technic—but the people liked it—

Mr. G. Ralph Pentoop rang for Miss Typster to inquire if she would like to join a little party that evening....

Mrs. Ezra Cloverly smiled over the washing machine at the new hired man....

The thirty-second edition of the *Tablood* rushed to press with pictures of the wire used by Mrs. Snuder when she murdered her husband....

Henry P. Smilie hesitated during his two-hour address before the district meeting of Gywanians to say: "Men, I think it wonderful we have the radio bringing music to our people...."

Mrs. Margory Kleenwell hurried to phone Billy to get nipples for the baby's bottle, oranges for the cocktails, and some new dance records....

Gabriel removed the trumpet from his lips and gazed over the Earth. A certain commotion was evident. But that wasn't sufficient; the world ought to be coming to an end! Removing the derby, he threw it over the moon, scowled, fitted the trumpet to his lips, and blew a mighty blast.

And the people on the Earth



PORTRAIT OF A NUDE CONCLUDING THAT SHE LIKES BROCCOLI BETTER THAN ASPARAGUS.



"WHAT'S THAT STRING TIED AROUND YOUR FINGER FOR?"
"THAT'S NOT A STRING. I'M TAKING MY WIFE'S DRESS TO THE CLEANER'S."

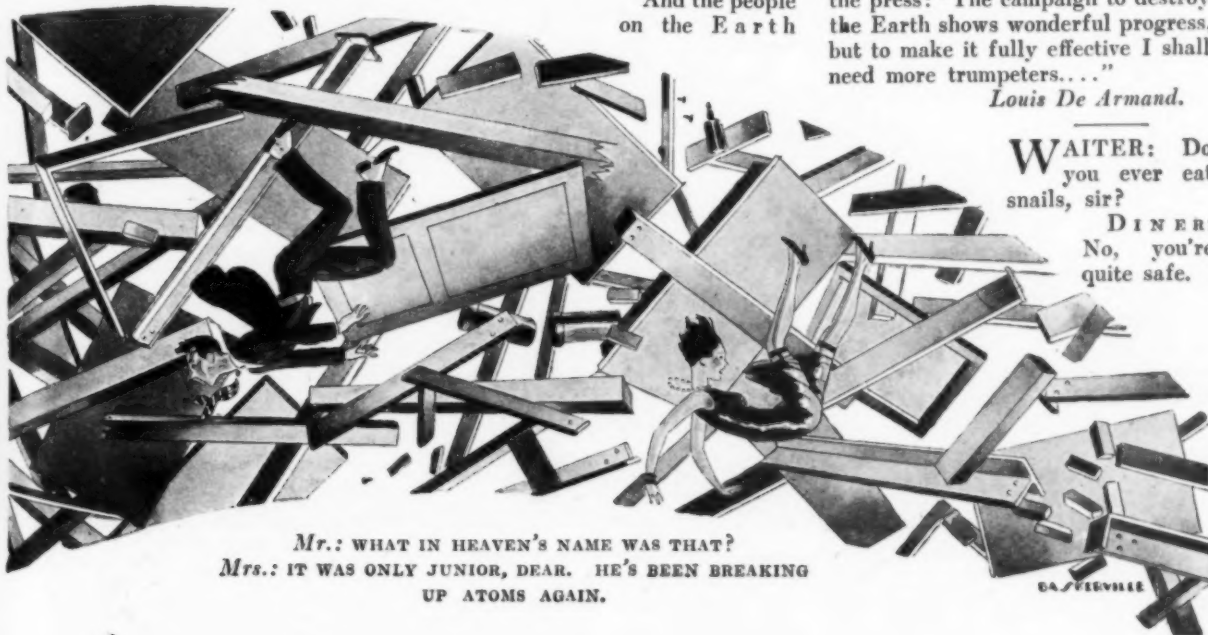
noted it was five o'clock...all except "Vox Populi," who was writing a letter to the *Times* calling attention to the blasting being done for the newest eighty-seven-story movie "cathedral."

Gabriel took another look about. Slipping his trumpet under his arm, he returned to his offices, where he dictated the following interview for the press: "The campaign to destroy the Earth shows wonderful progress, but to make it fully effective I shall need more trumpeters...."

Louis De Armand.

WAITER: Do you ever eat snails, sir?

DINER: No, you're quite safe.



Mr.: WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME WAS THAT?

Mrs.: IT WAS ONLY JUNIOR, DEAR. HE'S BEEN BREAKING UP ATOMS AGAIN.

64/VIEVHIE



We Moderns

"WHAT'S THIS AWFUL CLAPTRAP THEY'RE PLAYING NOW?"
 "OH, 'THE END OF A PERFECT DAY,' OR 'JUST BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER,' OR 'BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY,' OR SOMETHING EQUALLY OUT OF DATE."

The Substitute

BY 1976 static had been eliminated. Huge eliminating devices mounted on towers and known as static sponges simply absorbed the stuff out of the air. From a mechanical standpoint these sponges left nothing to be desired. But they were prodigiously expensive and the Radio Manufacturers' Association began to worry. The sponges, they said, were eating up most of their profits.

Finally it occurred to a certain inventive genius that some practical, profitable use might be found for the gobs and gobs of static absorbed by the sponges.

"Look at those lazy sponges," he told the Radio Manufacturers' Association, "all bloated with static. Look at all that static going to waste. It's a shame."

The Radio Manufacturers' Association laughed at him. Later they laughed on the other side of their faces when he appeared before them with a device for extracting the

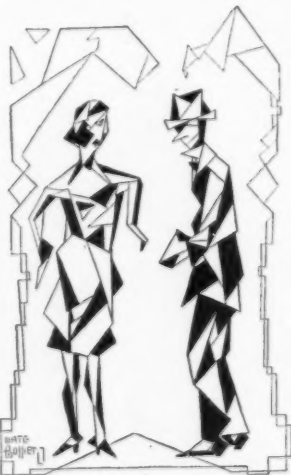
static from the sponges and for bottling it in convenient quantities.

"There's a market for static," he told the Radio Manufacturers' Asso-

ciation. "You can sell it to the railroads."

He was right. The railroads bought the bottled static and discharged all their train announcers.

Tupper Greenwald.



The Cubist Man: COME, DEAR, LET'S GO AND GET A SQUARE MEAL.

Favorite Advance Numbers

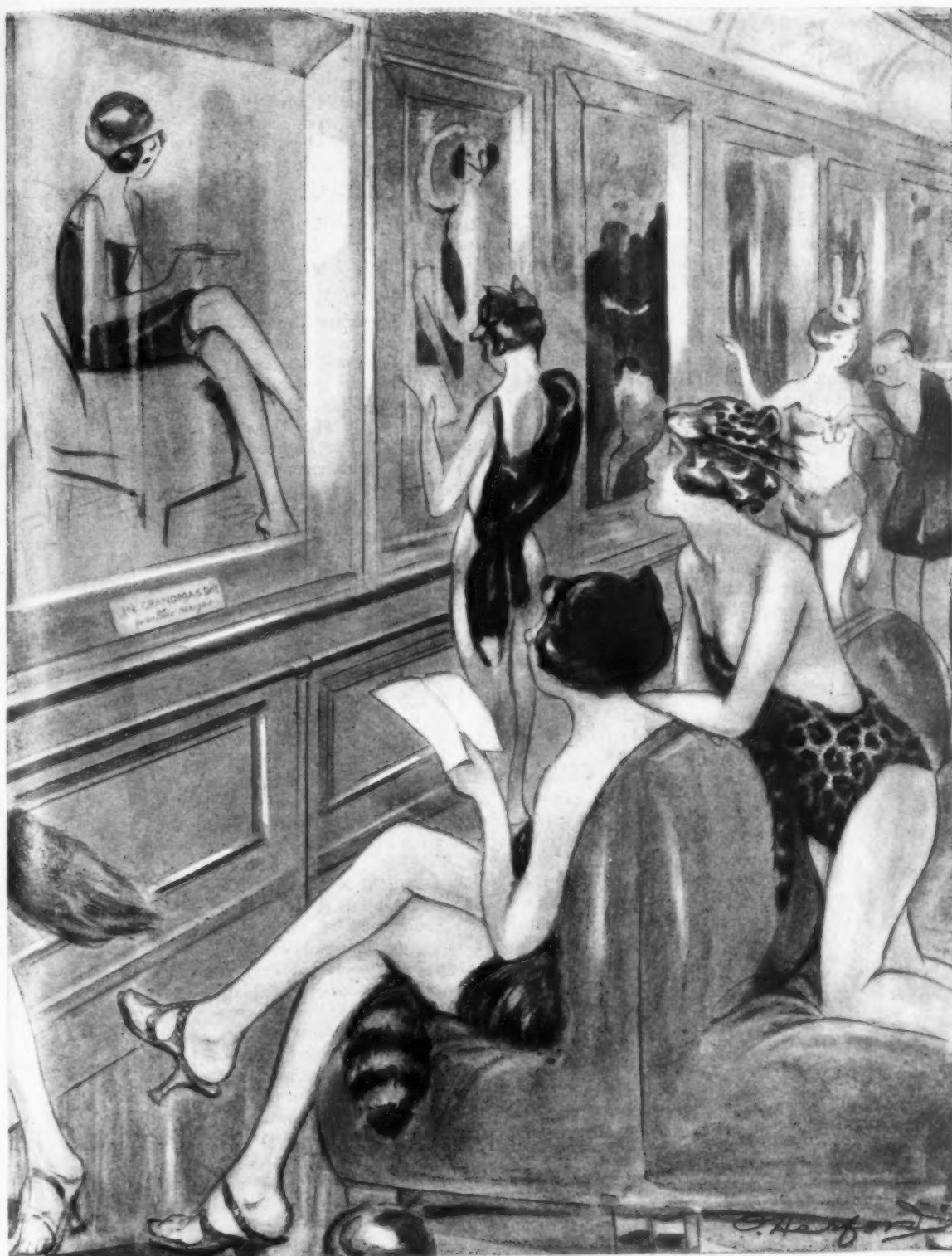
THE sale of a novel on which the author's wife and daughters dress while he is writing it.

The receipts from a play estimated on the back of an old envelope by the author during rehearsals.

The circulation of a newspaper scribbled on the luncheon cloth by the advertising manager during a conference with a prospect.

The returns from tropical real estate as set forth in the prospectus.

The alimony divided by a wife and her attorneys prior to the decision by the court. *McC. II.*



The Gay Nineteen-Nineties
"My, what an overdressed frump!"



"NOT MOVING A WAY,
I HOPE?"

"NO, I'M JUST GOING DOWN FOR A
TWO-WEEKS' VISIT WITH RELATIVES
ON THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH FLOOR."



A Storm in the Senate

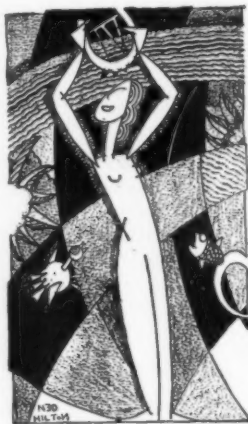
(It has been suggested that, instead of Senators' representing the different States, they should represent the large industries of the country. In the opinion of many this would not entail a radical departure from the present system of representation. In view of this, the following is a possible report from Washington.)

THE SENATE last night debated the bill for the Improvement of Conditions in Nicaragua. The discussion began at 4 P. M. (Daylight Saving Time). At 1 A. M. (Standard Time, the clock having been set back), the Marines were called in to take the situation in hand.

The Senator for Motion Pictures began the debate with the plea that the only way to open up Nicaragua and make it accredited and respected by the outside world was to use it as a location for making motion pictures. Peaceful scenes, such as farming and golfing, could be taken and distributed over the major circuits, and the Nicaraguans themselves would at least be assured of a living as extras.

The Senator for Ford Cars thought that the motion picture idea was a good one provided that the roads were improved so that the Nicaraguans could move from location to location in a speedy manner. He knew of no speedier manner than in the new model Ford which was coming out in February for \$290. This statement provoked a protest from the Senator for Packards, who said that if the roads in Nicaragua were to be improved at

all, the Government should see to it that high-priced cars were used to move the natives from one location to another. In his opinion the present roads were quite good enough for Fords.



PORTRAIT OF A NUDE
WORRYING ABOUT THE
CHINESE SITUATION.

The Senator for Spare Parts agreed with the latter statement and suggested that the rustic roads of Nicaragua would lose half their charm if they were improved. This point was contested by the Senator for Frankfurters and Hot Rolls.

The Senator for Ladies' Lingerie then sprang to his feet and said that in his estimation nothing would be more beneficial to the Nicaraguans than a snappy supply of smart underwear from the U. S. Government. He had seen

pictures of the Nicaraguans, and had almost blushed on observing the inadequacy of their attire. Underwear, he announced, could easily be transported over the Nicaraguan roads by Ford cars, and its judicious use by the natives would vastly increase the box-office value of the proposed motion pictures. The Senator for B. V. D.'s interposed that the male inhabitants were as deserving of consideration from the Government as the female.

(Please turn to page 32)

ELDON
KELLEY

PRIZE WINNERS

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 33

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

FOR this week's Alibi LIFE presents, for your most serious consideration, the truly frightful situation of little Johnny, who has offered his teacher a written excuse for absence from school.

The excuse, in the teacher's opinion, leaves much to be desired in the matter of spelling. It is just possible, she believes, that serious doubts may be felt as to who actually wrote it.

You, naturally, never missed a day of school; not even in the springtime, when the fish bit and the swimming-hole called. But, undoubtedly, you have known boys so lost to shame that they sometimes played hooky.

Try, then, to imagine that one of these sin-blackened souls might be this same little Johnny; help him out with his Alibi, using twenty-five words, or less, and, if your excuses are sufficiently ingenious, we will reward you with one of the cash prizes, as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of \$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!



ALIBI NUMBER NINETEEN

Mrs. Snip: HOW DOES IT HAPPEN, IF YOU KNOW MRS. UPTOP SO INTIMATELY, THAT SHE PASSES RIGHT BY WITHOUT SPEAKING TO YOU?

Mrs. Clymer: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... I told her last evening I hardly knew her, she had grown so stout.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

MRS. WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN,
1865 Beacon Street,
Brookline, Massachusetts.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

H. H. DANIEL, *St. Louis, Missouri*, for the Alibi: "You misunderstood me. I told you I saw her in Italy. You asked, 'Genoa?' and I said 'Yes.'"

FAYE BURCHFIELD, *Johnstown, Pennsylvania*, for the Alibi: "My dear, she is wearing her 'turn down' 'high hat' to-day."

KATHARINE PERRY, *Galt, Canada*, for the Alibi: "She knows me so well that she sees right through me!"

OSWALD SHAW, *New York City*, for the Alibi: "I asked her for the names of her beauty specialists to recommend them to my mother!"

JEFF SPARK, *Brighton Beach, New York*, for the Alibi: "Some one told her she was too beautiful for words."

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR



Teacher: YOU SAY THIS EXCUSE FOR YOUR ABSENCE WAS WRITTEN BY YOUR MOTHER, AND YET NEARLY EVERY WORD IS MISPELLED. EXPLAIN!

Johnny: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...

1977 ~ A Review of



January 2—President Rogers, in speech at Publishers' banquet, denies imperialism in landing of U. S. forces in South Africa, reaffirming our policy of peace and a respect for human rights and moral obligation to smaller countries.

January 14—Mrs. George M. Osbar, pretty blonde, found on December 3 with clam fork buried in husband's neck, acquitted.

January 28—Howard Cochrane MacLeish, Dean of Ohio State University, denies emphatically reports that drinking among college students is on the increase. "I can't answer for other institutions," says Dean MacLeish, "but I can safely aver that our boys and girls at Ohio State U. are cleaner and more temperate than at any time in the past."



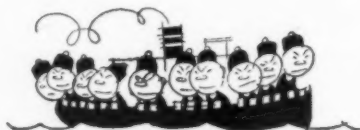
February 4—Fatal crash of wooden cars on New York Elevated.

February 15—Another landmark started to disappear in Washington to-day when demolition work began on the U. S. Capitol, birthplace of many famous laws. The Capitol is to be replaced by a more modern structure.

February 18—Rev. Kenneth Bergman, noted pastor, laments tendency of modern literature and art "toward the gutter." He attributes current wave of immorality to new inventions, free and easy divorce laws and improper environment in the home.

February 22—President Rogers extols George Washington in address at Bankers' Convention, describing Father of His Country as "America's First Rotarian."

February 26—Latest reports from the party attempting the ascent of Mt. Everest indicate that the summit has not been reached, but that another expedition will be organized next year with high hopes of success.



March 3—Arrival of S.S. Wung of Hongkong-America Line bringing three hundred Chinese missionaries to work among the mountain whites in North Carolina.

March 17—Celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Boston, Mass., results in loss of twenty-two lives and severe damage to property in vicinity of Scollay Square.

March 18—Committee of Seven appointed by Governor to clean up New York stage.

March 21—Heavy blizzard and record gale paralyze traffic throughout Northern States on first day of spring. U. S. Weather Bureau reports coldest March 21st since 1942.



April 4—Sidney R. Turnquist, Chairman of the Santa Monica (Calif.) Chamber of Commerce, scouts the report that recent earthquake shocks have inflicted severe damage on property hereabouts. "The whole affair has been grossly exaggerated in the press," he asserts.

April 15—Record crowd at opening of baseball season in spite of bribery scandal of December, 1976.

April 18—Congressional Commission formed to draw up plans for protecting inland waterways from such devastating floods as those which occurred in April, 1976.

April 23—Chauncey M. Depew gives interview on hundred and forty-third birthday, saying that things are all right.



May 2—Debate between Senator Ruskin and Arthur M. Stanley in Edison Hall. Subject: "Is Prohibition Practicable?"

May 28—World's pole-vault record broken by H. L. Beesom of University of Honolulu with a vault of 22 ft. 4 inches.

May 30—Veterans of the Great War of 1956-68 ("War to End War," No. 4) honor survivors of Great War of 1914-18 ("War to End War," No. 1) in Memorial Day parade.



June 12—Campaign started among schoolchildren to save "Old Ironsides."

June 17—President Scheiman, of the United Film-Stupendous Corp., announces in speech before exhibitors at Atlantic City that henceforth movie producers will concentrate on literary merit in stories and to that end will engage only the best authors in country to write scenarios.

June 26—President Rogers announces that he will not be a candidate for a fifth term, holding sacred the precedent which has kept presidents in the past from seeking more than four terms.

June 29—Maxwell T. Rosen, secretary-treasurer of the Continental Airways Corp., returning from an extended tour of Europe with his wife and daughter, tells reporters that conditions abroad are still very much unsettled. "It is up to our Government to take a firm hand in the Old World," says Mr. Rosen.

ew of the Year ~



July 4—Two hundred liners sail from New York bearing record crowd of European tourists.

July 14—Sight-seeing bus containing group of American tourists halted by natives near Rheims (France), and occupants compelled to walk home. State Department promises investigation of outrage.

July 28—Bill introduced into Massachusetts State Legislature, depriving State Judges of privilege of personally electrocuting prisoners distasteful to them, defeated as derogatory to the dignity of the Massachusetts judiciary.



August 7—As a relief measure for the fifty-two thousand automobiles jammed for five weeks in the cross-town streets of New York City, Mayor Fleming appoints a committee to study the traffic situation and report on methods of alleviating it. Red Cross coffee service instituted for occupants of blocked cars.

August 11—The body of the young woman, fashionably dressed, who dived off the Tri-Borough Bridge, New York City, has not as yet been identified.

August 21—Chairman Geffen, of the Miami (Fla.) Chamber of Commerce, scouts reports that serious damage was done by recent hurricanes. "We'll be ready for our winter visitors by September 15," he says.

August 30—Monster benefit at Los Angeles Coliseum for John Coogan, venerable character actor, nets \$17.21.



September 2—S. S. *Sunnysides*, carrying crowd of vacation seekers from Chicago to Michigan City, sinks in Lake Michigan with loss of 13,281 lives. Rigorous investigation of the disaster indicates that ship was overcrowded, and responsibility for this is assigned to Captain James B. Connors, who perished with the ship.

September 19—The State of Georgia decides to dismiss the case against thirty-four citizens of Marietta accused of lynching James Franklin, a Negro.

September 28—Sir Arthur Constable, celebrated British author, returning from Hollywood, where he has been writing original stories directly for the screen, says that in his estimation "the movie is still in its infancy."



October 3—A petition, signed by forty-two college professors, urges the Government to cancel war debts as of wars 1914-18, 1929-37, 1938-44, 1956-68. White House Spokesman withholds comment on this petition.

October 18—Sensational disclosures by the *Evening Graphic*, New York's foremost newspaper, cause New Jersey authorities to reopen the Hall-Mills murder case.

October 27—Disarmament Conference assembled in Washington agrees to abolish liquid dynamite and to use only those gases which kill without disfiguring... Conference chamber stormed by representatives of liquid dynamite manufacturers with banners reading: "Don't be Lily-Livered!" and "We Stand for a Man's War Fought by He-Men."



November 3—The National "Get-Out-the-Vote" Association is well satisfied with the results of its propaganda campaign. Fully four per cent. of the qualified voters appeared at the polls on Election Day.

November 7—Resumption of athletic relations between Harvard and Princeton celebrated to-day by football game which Princeton wins—score, 83 to 79. After the contest, victory-crazed Princetonians take the goal-posts, the new Stadium, the Freshman dormitories, University Hall and Jimmie's Lunchroom, all of which are carried jubilantly back to Old Nassau.

November 9—Resenting certain references in the *Harvard Lampoon*, Princeton authorities announce that athletic relations with Harvard have been severed. "We take this step solely in the interest of clean sport," says President Peathie, adding that there is no ill-feeling.

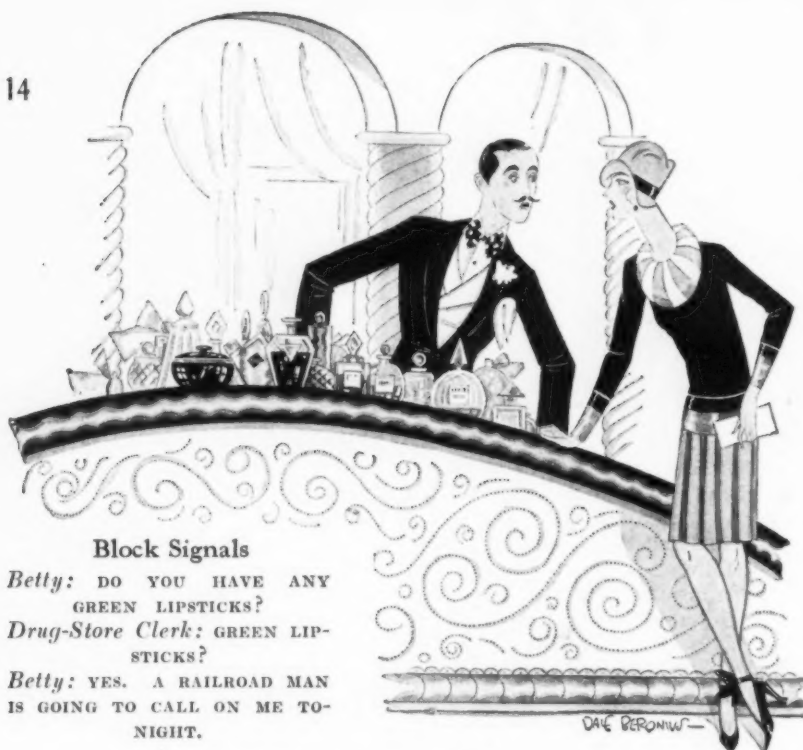


December 2—"Do your Christmas shopping and mailing early," counsels Postmaster-General Flint.

December 12—Governor General Perkins of Peru submits report to Congress giving his opinion that the Peruvians are not yet ready for self-government and that it would be a shameless evasion of duty for the Marines to withdraw at this time.

December 25—A farmer in Clydesdale, Wisconsin, reports that, while plodding homeward through the snow, a stranger approached him and stated that he (the stranger) was Jesus Christ, and that he had come back "to save the world." Although the farmer's description of the stranger tallies closely with representations of the Savior in famous paintings by Raphael, Rubens and other old masters, small credence is attached to the story.

December 31—Peter Crombie, celebrated humorist and author of "Who Cares?" commits suicide.



Block Signals

Betty: DO YOU HAVE ANY GREEN LIPSTICKS?

Drug-Store Clerk: GREEN LIPSTICKS?

Betty: YES. A RAILROAD MAN IS GOING TO CALL ON ME TONIGHT.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May 4th The time of year is now at hand when I do long to be in a part of the world where manners and customs are utterly different from our own, for Lord! I am weary of watching women use lipsticks, of getting circular letters from tradespeople, of seeing pictures of the Roosevelt Memorial, and of finding in the front of every novel I pick up a statement to the effect that no character in it is a real person. I should like to go, moreover, to a place where no other Americans would be, forasmuch as my compatriots do come as near to spoiling Europe for me as if they had set about it intentionally,

and upon one occasion, when a young girl sang stanzas of Gallagher and Shean's song to the hosts of the inn at Amalfi, I should have cast myself into the Mediterranean had not my companions dissuaded me. Up betimes this morning, did on my garnet silk, which, to my great joy, is now far too loose in the bodice, and out to look for a fox scarf, without which a woman might better be dead this season. But the ones I fancied were all too fabulously priced, as though their vendors sold to naught but motion picture actresses, nor could I bring myself to purchase one which I could afford after having glimpsed
(Continued on page 28)

An Essay on Art by One Who Has Never Been There

THERE are angles in the obloids of a sphere.

There are circles in the corners of a square.

And although I never saw them, I could very quickly draw them—The parabolic cubes that fill the air.

There are concave curves in every pyramid.

Each ellipsoid has a conic all its own.

And with just a stroke or two I could soon depict for you The pensive spiral motion of a stone.

Every trapezoid has octahedron ovals.

Every asymptote moves through a conjunct base.

And the cissoids of the toes, Like an epicyclic nose, Form the hyperbolic tangents to the face.

Space is only Time within a prism, While a catenary conchoid stands for Thought.

With canvas, brush, and paint, I can picture what is ain't... An isolated isometric Naught.

Horatio C. Wood, 3rd.

Envy

ROVING EYES: That Miller girl goes out with every Tom, Dick and Harry.

WALL FLOWER: No wonder she looks so happy!

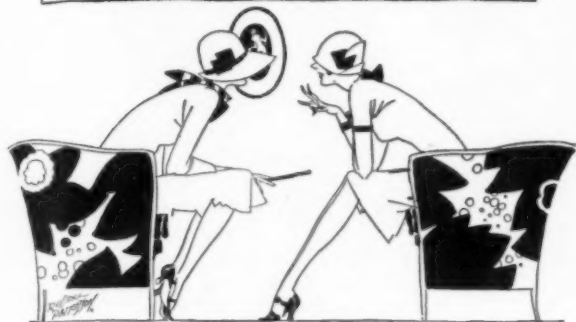


Progress

STREET SCENE IN 1927

SAME STREET SCENE IN 1977

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, HAVE you heard about this simply diVINE iDEA of 'BACK polishing' which some-body in LONDON has thought up? I mean I have ACTually never HEARD of anything so frightfully inTRiguing because the iDEA of having your BACK polished when you are wearing a very LOW-neck EVEning gown is TOO deLicious, don't you HON-estly think it IS? Because you KNOW, my dear, how simply reVOLTING your BACK looks when HALF of it is SUNburned or something and the OTHER half of it is sort of GOOSEfleshy and POIso-nous-looking? Well, ANYways, when you have one of these BACK-polishers polish you up for a party, they sort of POLish MADly at your BACK until it is all sort of a simply FAScinating IVory color—can you BEAR it, my dear? But the thing that actually SLAYS me, my dear, is that maybe these BACK polishers will be the same class of THUGS you meet in these foul SHOeshine places. Because I mean you can iMAGine the humiliation of having some perfectly FOUL person working on your BACK, my dear, and making positively iNSULTING re-MARKS about your SHOULder-blades in GREEK, so that you can't understand a WORD of it! I mean whenever I THINK of it I get so MAD I could GARGle BUTtermilk—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

The Real News

I DON'T know what's coming over the newspapers. More and more they seem to be fumbling the real news. Recently they whooped up the achievement of an Englishman who kissed his wife good-by, boarded a ship for this country, and soon after landing here, drove an automobile at a speed of over two hundred and seventy miles an hour, or nearly fifty miles an hour faster than a car that side-swiped mine when I was out driving with my wife the other day. Now I'll grant that that's a pretty good achievement. But can it hold a candle to the achievement of the Englishman's wife? She stayed in England and successfully held at bay a temptation to sit in the back seat. Has any other married woman in all automotive history ever done that?*

Tupper Greenwald.

*One thousand times no.

"HOW did you people like the film last night?"
"Oh, it was wonderful! We found a parking place in the same block!"



A Quiet Party in the Future

WHEN EVERY ONE IN THE WORLD HAS LEARNED HOW TO BECOME POPULAR BY MASTERING THE SAXOPHONE.



MAY 26, 1927

VOL. 89. 2325

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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IN Macaulay's essay on the Lives of the Popes he starts off with preliminary discourse on the capacity of human beings for wonderful adventures in belief, a capacity which he thought had not been weakened at all by the lapse of time. "We have ceased to wonder," he said, "at any vagaries of superstition. We have seen well-read scholars prophesying, interpreting, talking unknown tongues, working miraculous cures, coming down with messages from God to the House of Commons. We have seen an old woman, with no talents beyond the cunning of a fortune-teller, and with the education of a scullion, exalted into a prophetess, and surrounded by tens of thousands of devoted followers, many of whom were, in station and knowledge, immeasurably her superiors; and all this in the nineteenth century; and all this in London. Yet why not? For of the dealings of God with man no more has been revealed to the nineteenth century than to the first, or to London than to the wildest parish in the Hebrides."

Probably his well-read scholars were the Irvingites and his old woman with the education of a scullion could not have been other than Joanna Southcott, whose famous mystery box has finally been turned over to Harry Price, Secretary of the National (British) Laboratory of Psychical Research, with leave to discover what is in it. Joanna died, it seems, in 1814, leaving that box, as the newspapers tell us once or twice a year, to be opened only in a national crisis and in the pres-

ence of thirty-four bishops. The box has come down safely so far and its last custodian, as said, has turned it over to Mr. Price, who intends, it appears, to have a lot of fun with it. He proposes, so the papers say, that mediums shall "psychometrize" around it and report what is inside, and that the box shall be subjected to various rays and if after these tests doubt still remains, the box shall be opened in public and probably before such bishops as can be induced to come. This information comes, by way of the Associated Press, from London, April 30.

Joanna was an ignorant person, as Macaulay suggests, and the contents of her box are likely to be disappointing. But all the same the opening of it will be first-page copy, particularly for the Sunday papers.



THE times are proper enough for this opening. The impression that we are drifting into another world crisis is running loose a good deal. Fairly well-known cults like the British-Israel group accept it with all confidence and work it hard, but they are Bible Fundamentalists, and calculate from authorities like the Prophet Daniel and verify their forecasts by measurements from the great pyramid. They might have illustrated Macaulay's remarks on the vagaries of superstition, though they do make interesting computations, and rest them on impressive bases of erudition. They are not so deluded, these people, but that their theories are readable.

But the fear of a world crisis rests on things more tangible to the common mind than calculations from the Hebrew prophets. It rests on Russia and China, and the Far East and the interesting legacies of the Great War; on the war debts; on the state of religion, and the very unequal distribution of prosperity in this world at this time. The Fundamentalists say the fat is getting into the fire, but what do the scientists say? Worse if anything. Figure on the prophets and you are on more or less familiar ground, but figure on the expectations of the scientists and you are quite on the loose. The lunatic fringe of science abounds in persons capable of any conjecture. A lot of their expectations are not at all nice.

Hell to pay? Quite likely; quite likely! But there are the bankers. They won't let it happen if they can help it. When the time comes that Henry Ford is joined to them, take to the woods. That will be Saul among the prophets and something may be about to drop.

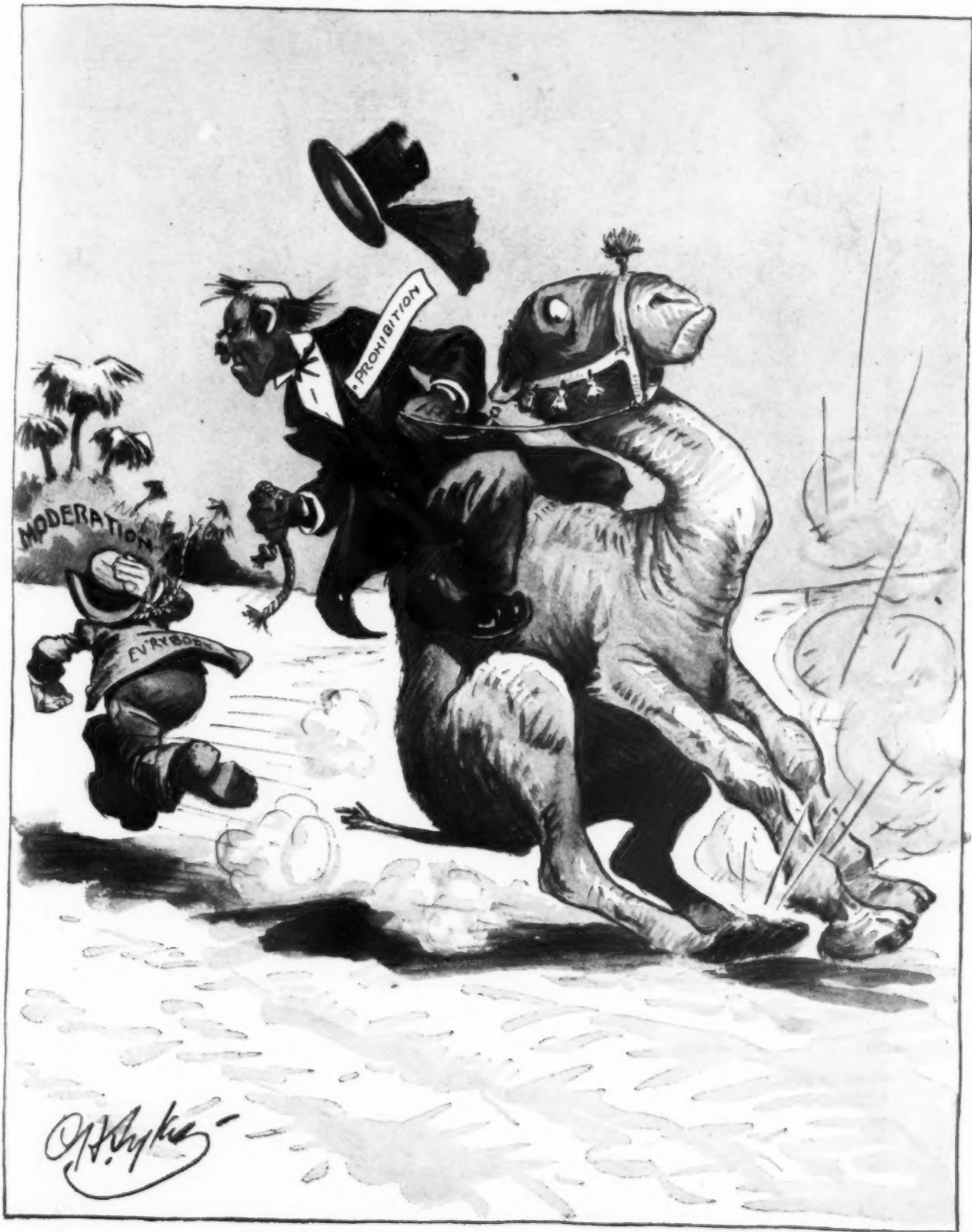


A RECENT cartoon in LIFE has stirred some of our old friends in Massachusetts to cancel their subscriptions. That is all right. Minds that need relief must find it where they can.

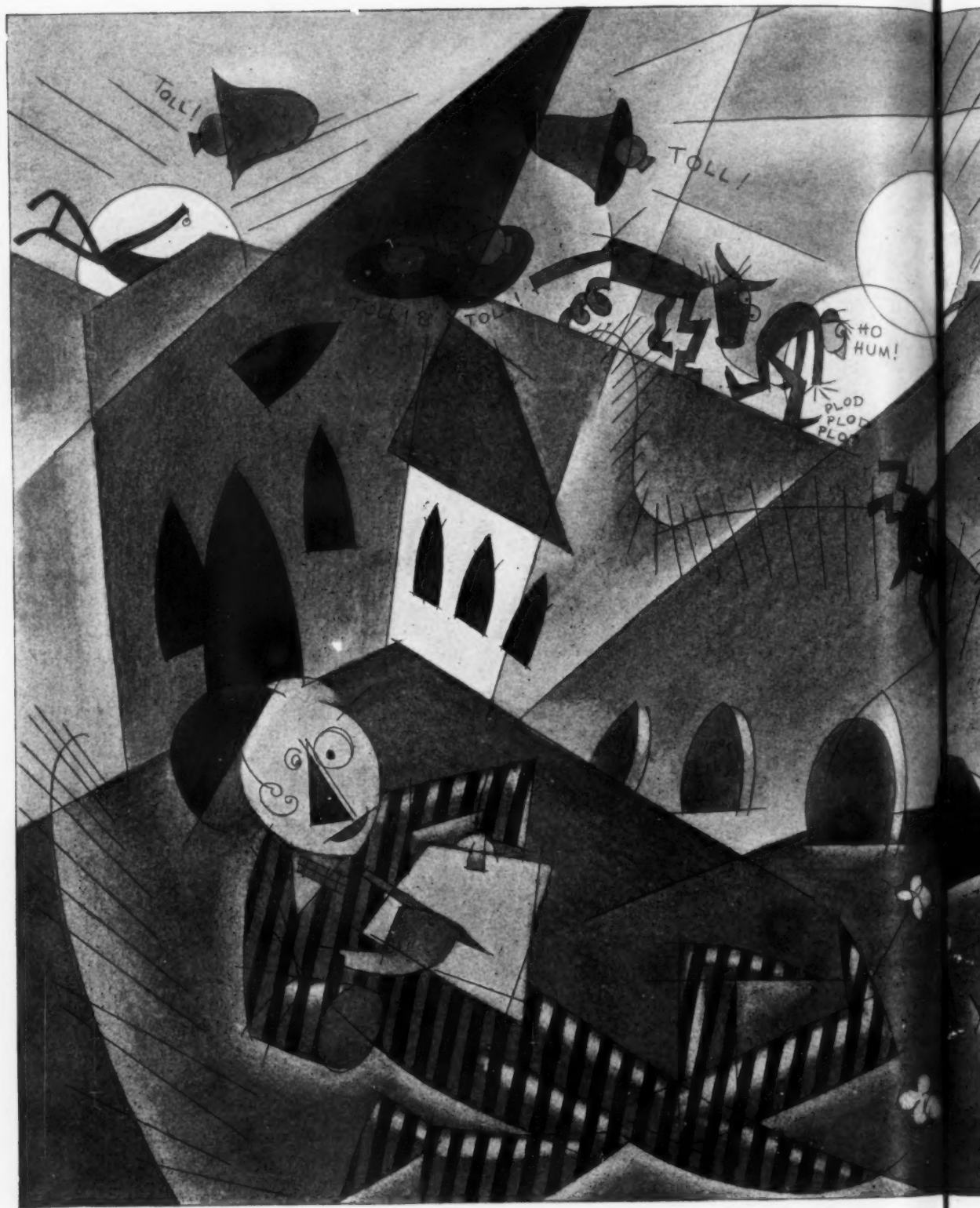
AN observer from a good way off, who notices the concerns of this country, speaks of the increasing bitterness about rum, and remarks with regret that these States are becoming "more or less subservient to paid minorities, or rather, minorities with paid leaders." To this said observer that is not a satisfactory status. He does not want paid minority leaders, through propaganda and religious backing, to regulate the habits of the country. He sees trouble in that and wants a peaceful solution.

Well, he should have his wish. There should be a peaceful solution of the Prohibition problem, for it may be true, as this observer says, "that if one minority can stir up a strife against another, the great mass of people will be controlled and no satisfactory status will ever be reached."

E. S. Martin.



Another Revolt in the Desert



Elegy, in the Modern Manner ~



*"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."*



Here They Come!

AS the season draws to a close each year some one always opens the gates and lets the little boys come tearing in for the last ten minutes. It seems as if there were more of them this year than ever before. Or maybe it is just that they are worse.

All in one week, "Julie," "Katy Did," "He Loved the Ladies" and "Oh, Ernest!" hurtled through the air on the way in (and out), leaving everything just as it was before—if anything.

"Julie" seems to have been all about French Canadians, and involved the use of broken English on the part of the heroine. This made it necessary for us to leave very early, practically at once, in fact.

"Katy Did" was all about a Childs waitress who married a king or something. This would have been all right except that the author forgot to put any sizing in and the thing just didn't jell at all.



THERE was some idea of having "Oh, Ernest!" a musical version of "The Importance of Being Earnest," but it wasn't. It had some good dancing and Miss Dorothy Dilley, and having said that even its best friend would have to change the subject tactfully. During the performance there was a revival of the old rumor that Oscar Wilde was not really dead, and that he was waiting in the alley by the theatre for the author to come out.

And, by way of cleaning up, we will set down the fact that "He Loved the Ladies" also opened the same week. Nobody yet has offered a good reason why.



THE author of "Triple Crossed" is very anxious to have it known that his play was copyrighted on December 9, 1922, bearing copyright No. 63035—in other words, before "The Spider" opened. He is wise to announce this, for there is a similarity.

If he had not been so touchy, however, he could have offered his mystery melodrama as a burlesque of "The Spider" and have got away with it quite nicely. It really is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the audience-within-an-audience type of murder and almost attains a Pirandello grade in its complication of drama with reality. For not only does it happen that while a play is going on one of the actors is killed, but it later turns out that even *that* was part of the play, and that only in the last act, when another actor is killed, does Reality stalk on.

And, if "Triple Crossed" were a bit better done, it would really be an entertaining show. It would either entertain you or drive you mad.



GEORGE JESSEL once remarked of the film "Ben-Hur" that it would be a financial success even if nobody but the cast came to see it, adding that the horses alone would fill the house for two nights. Much the same situation has been created by plays like "The Spider" and "Triple Crossed," where at least two-thirds of the audience are in the show. The thing will have the appearance of a sell-out every night provided all the cast show up. And in a play like "The Spider," which *can* sell out every night, the overhead of furnishing seats to the actors must run into money. It would be funny if a play were such a hit that the actors had to get their seats at an agency.

We find a widespread urge on the part of the laymembers of the audience in such affairs to stand up themselves and speak out, even to the extent of confessing the crime. When the man sitting next you has been shot and the woman sitting behind you has stood up and declared that the man was her uncle, and the man sitting three seats in front has tried to climb out through the orchestra pit, only to be dragged back and identified as a notorious faro-shark, there is an almost irresistible impulsion to stand on your own seat and scream that *you* yourself did the shooting because the person who came with you (who by this time is probably making an announcement of his own) told you that the murdered man was J. Wilkes Booth.

As soon as the real members of the audience get to joining in, the pendulum will probably swing back to the old pantomime where nobody talks, not even the actors.



WE were afraid that a show called "A Night in Spain" would entail a great deal of Spanish dancing, and we were quite right. But it also brings on several other features which make the Spanish dancing easier to bear and, on the whole, it is a good bet.

In the first place, there is Phil Baker, with his accordion and the confident Sid Silvers in the box, making an act which is hard to beat for sheer amusement value. And then there is Ted Healy, who is very funny, and Brennan and Rogers continuing the "Margie" legend—and, unless our ears deceived us, a song in which "Rheims" is rhymed with "dreams," probably quite correctly but all making for a jolly evening.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Barker. *Billmore*—Human nature raising its ugly head in a ballyhoo show. Satisfactory entertainment.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—We seem to have been mistaken about this one of Walter Hampden's. A lot of people appear to like it.

Crime. *Times Square*—Showing the slickest and most exciting method of robbing a store, in case you're interested.

The Field God. *Cort*—Moderately effective drama by the author of the prize-winning "In Abraham's Bosom."

The Ladder. *Waldorf*—As soon as they begin giving away automobiles at this show (which will be any week now) it won't do you a bit of harm to drop in. Unless you already have an automobile.

The Mystery Ship. *Comedy*—Not so good. One for All. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed next week—if at all.

The Silver Cord. *Golden*—A highly interesting and controversial play dealing with modern love. Laura Hope Crews heads an excellent cast.

The Spider. *Forty-Sixth St.*—The last word in ingenious mystery.

Spread Eagle. *Martin Beck*—Every one ought to see this melodrama if only to keep himself from getting shot in the next war.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Sex—such as it is—in Spain.

The Thief. *Ritz*—Alice Brady and Lionel Atwill in a revival of Bernstein's workmanlike drama.

Triple Crossed. *Morocco*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Wooden Kimono. *Fulton*—Crazy melodrama, with quite a bit of real kick to it.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Five years ago this week this opened in New York. And yet there are some people who think that we get our punishment in an after-life.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Don't make any mistake about this melodrama. It's good.

Chicago. *Music Box*—Last weeks of one of the most timely and well-aimed satires we have ever seen on the stage. Burlesque but right.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—Ethel Barrymore in a light comedy made for Ethel Barrymore.

The Devil in the Cheese. *Plymouth*—Fantastic comedy which occasionally is rather nice.

He Loved the Ladies. *Frolic*—Reviewed in this issue.

Her Cardboard Lover. *Empire*—French comedy with one amusing act and Jeanne Eagels, assisted considerably by Leslie Howard.

Julie. *Lyceum*—Reviewed in this issue.

Katy Did. *Daly's*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—Holbrook Blinn and an excellent cast in a lightsome trifle by Molnar with one very funny scene and quite a bit of dirt.

Right You Are If You Think You Are. *Garrick*—Entertainingly phony metaphysics from Signor Pirandello.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—A highly amusing interpretation of history, making Hannibal a quite natural victim of Miss Jane Cowl's philosophy.

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—Household economics made delightful, and several other theories made clear, by Ruth Gordon and associates in a very nice comedy.

The Second Man. *Guild*—Alfred Lunt, Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore in a very smart drawing-room affair which has real distinction.

Sinner. *Klaw*—Casual adultery, with Clairborne Foster and Allan Dinehart heading the cast.

Tommy. *Eltinge*—Pleasant juvenile affairs.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—Nice enough.

What Anne Brought Home. *Wallack's*—Perhaps "a trifle" would be as good a description as any for this.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Circus Princess. *Winter Garden*—A great big Viennese operetta, with Georges Hassell and Bickel, and the Hannefords.

The Cocoanuts. *Century*—Last week of the funniest family in town.

Countess Maritza. *Jolson*—A good score.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—One of the best of the year's musical shows, with Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed later.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Our Navy put into a very amusing show. Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—One of the season's biggest money-makers. With Eddie Dowling.

Lady Do. *Liberty*—Not so hot.

Lucky. *New Amsterdam*—Mr. Dillingham's big expense for the year, with Walter Catlett, "Skeets" Gallagher, Mary Eaton, and Santley and Sawyer.

A Night in Spain. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Oh, Ernest! *Royale*—Reviewed in this issue.

Oh, Kay! *Imperial*—Gertrude Lawrence assisted by Oscar Shaw and Victor Moore in a good way to spend an evening.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbill*—One of the few different musical shows, with nice music and Helen Ford.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—There now seems to be a very good chance this will run a year. Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—Something nice for the eyes. Comedy by Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

Scandals. *Apollo*—When this closes in June it will have run a year, and will have deserved to.





Turn on the Sun!

THE children of the tenements search out the few bright spots that seep down into the labyrinth of their noisome alleys and call it light.

But you and I know a different sun from this. A sun that smiles over broad green fields, that laughs down into cool swimming pools, that makes large, airy houses places that invite rest and appetite.

Such a sun shines over LIFE's Camps for Needy Children.

Poor little under-privileged boys and girls!

Disinherited of the good things of the earth, they look to us for deliverance.

They cry to us: "Please, please turn on the sun. We, too, need some happiness!"

You can help to find it for them.

Twenty dollars (\$20) rescues a boy or girl from the tenements dur-

ing the summer and sends him or her to one of LIFE's wonderful Camps for eighteen days.

Eighteen days with the sun turned on—against three hundred and forty-seven days drenched in shadows, squalor and despair.

Let us think it over. Dare we turn our eyes away? Dare we grasp our sacred purses too tightly?

For forty years the readers of LIFE have been carrying on this noble work. For forty years the readers of LIFE have been turning on the sun—lighting up darkened young lives, brightening terrified little hearts, strengthening weakened bodies.

Now, once more, the time has come to ask your generous help.

We need you.

It's a pretty big sun.

We can't turn it on alone.

Making Ready

ONCE again LIFE's Camps—one for boys at Pottersville, New Jersey, and one for girls at Branchville, Connecticut—are being put in readiness to receive the poor youngsters who yearly come as your guests and ours.

We do not hesitate to say that these Camps are the *very best* of their kind—and this statement we are enabled to make only because of your continued generosity. It is you who make it possible for us to plan for the best and highest things in what we think is a magnificently heartening work. Despite a somewhat slender balance from last year—\$1,243.73—we shall open the doors of the Camps this season with singing hearts—knowing that you will not fail us or the children, who need the warmth of human companionship as much as they do the summer fields and sunlight.

We have decided to divide the vacation season at both Camps—beginning July 1st and lasting ten weeks—into four periods of approximately eighteen days for each child.

Eighteen wonderful country days of warm summer sunshine in green fields, near friendly brooks, near friendly hearts, that try in that time to instill some courage, some happiness, some ideals of character into these tiny men and women whose inheritance does not contain, in most cases, the key to that priceless treasure—opportunity.

This long and judiciously planned holiday costs a little more than the old fortnight used to; but twenty dollars would be a good round figure. As always, however, anything from a few cents to thousands of dollars will be gratefully received. Every penny helps.

We plan to keep the children long enough to plant in their little hearts the seeds of good citizenship. Long enough to strengthen undernourished little bodies—straighten twisted little minds. Long enough to teach them to be unafraid and happy. In fact—long enough to start them right for next winter.

And it is your campaign. Without you we are helpless. We are simply your stewards.

As in most cases, money is the first necessity. Twenty dollars (\$20) provides the cost of sending one

(Continued on page 32)



Lulu: WILL YOU DROP IN TO TEA, SUNDAY?

Marge: I CAN'T DEAR. BESS HAS INVITED ME DOWN OVER THE WEEK-END FOR THE SHOOTING. SHE SAYS THE HUSBANDS HAVE NEVER BEEN SO PLENTIFUL.

O May! O Damn!

MAY!—And alone!—O cursed thing!
You need another heart in spring!
Two other eyes to help you see
The flaming of each fairy tree!
Two other lips to—well, just say
That love and you are one in May!
What's rose of red, or bud of blue—
Oh, damn!—what's *anything* to you
If down the shining aisles of spring
There's no one there to hear you sing!

Claire Wallace Flynn.

Up-to-the-Minute Theatrical Advertising

Coming Attraction

Mary South and Original
Cast

in

"LUST"

One Year in New York—Six
Months in Chicago

TEN DAYS IN JAIL

Futuristic

THE year was 1977 and death-rays were in general use. They were employed by business men to rid themselves of book-agents, bond-salesmen and insurance solicitors in the same manner that insecticide had been used in an earlier day.

One morning, as Hiram K. Wharf, the big light-wines-and-rum man, was sitting in his office prepared for a hard day, the door opened to admit Carl Cleeper, Mr. Wharf's most useless employee.

"Mr. Wharf," he began, "I have been with you for four months and I think I am entitled to more money."

"Why?" queried Mr. Wharf, coldly.

"Because," said Carl Cleeper, "I have consumed more of your product in that time than any other clerk in your office!"

A. M. S., Jr.

P. S. He got the rays.

Clever

GLORIA: What did you enjoy the most in our amateur theatricals?

HERBERT: The place where you dropped the curtain for twenty minutes to indicate a lapse of ten.

It May Be Tragedy for Some Folks—

EDNA: My husband just ran off with another woman. Oh, I just c-c-can't control myself!

MADGE: You mustn't try, dearie. You'll feel better after a good laugh.

THE headless horseman was a myth, but the headless motorist is a stark reality.



1975 Husband: MILDRED, I MUST INSIST ON YOUR GIVING UP HASHEESH SMOKING. IT'S UNWOMANLY!

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Venus of Venice"

THE considerable talents of Constance Talmadge and Marshall Neilan have been brought to bear on the production of "Venus of Venice"; both of them are clever, keen and nimbly witted people, and Miss Talmadge, in addition, is exceptionally alluring (Mr. Neilan, I feel sure, will not be angry with me for excusing him from the final qualification).

Thus, "Venus of Venice," preposterous as its plot may be, presents a great many good points, and deserves to be listed as entertainment. It is an amplification of the old wheeze about the girl who was such a good swimmer because she used to be a "pedestrian" in Venice; it gives Miss Talmadge an opportunity to wear wet and scanty clothes, which are most becoming, and it gives Miss Talmadge's double plenty of chances for high diving from bridges and balconies. It also allows the theatre

organist to play "Oh, Marie," the "Barcarolle" and the works of Ethelbert Nevin over and over again.

AS to Mr. Neilan's part of it: this, it seems to me, is the most consistently good job he has done in years. His humor, his sense of melodrama and his expert manipulation of pictorial effects are all in evidence and help to convert a stupid story into the semblance of a brilliant comedy.

"The Yankee Clipper"

AT the moment of proceeding to press, I can think of no one hokum property of ham melodrama that is not used in "The Yankee Clipper." It has everything: a bold,

muscular and spotlessly virtuous American hero; a proud, haughty but ultimately humble English heroine; a sneering villain (he even looks like a villain) who seeks to marry the English girl for her money, but who carries on illicit amours with a Chinese maid named *Wing Toy*; a lustful sailor who chases the heroine up into the rigging, with a knife clenched in his teeth; a typhoon in the studio tank, and a rousing conclusion in which the Yankee clipper noses out the British merchant ship at the end of a twenty-two-thousand-mile race.

This synthetic epic also has some of the very worst acting that has ever been committed, on land or sea—two honorable exceptions in the cast being Junior Coghlan (the youthful hero of "Slide, Kelly, Slide") and a singularly appealing young lady who appears as *Wing Toy*, but whose name does not appear on the program.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent

Camille. Norma Talmadge in a modernized version of a famous old sob-drama. It's nice to look at, but not (in my case, at least) at all moving.

Ankles Preferred. Furtive salacity, humorless comedy and general cheapness, with no perceptible redeeming features.

The King of Kings. Cecil B. De Mille's magnificent attempt to bring Christianity back to the world, which falls down because of the patent theatricality of its most important character.

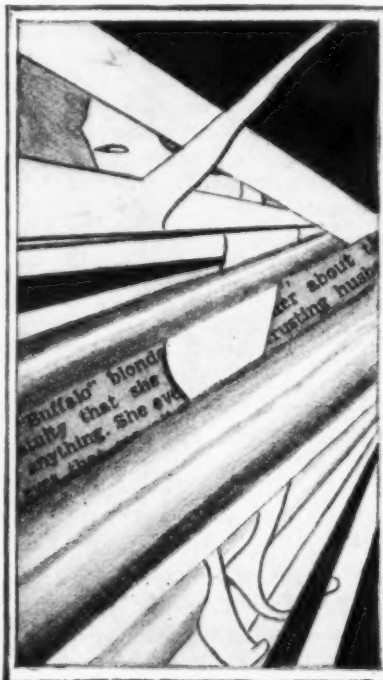
White Gold. Jetta Goudal in a dismal but well-directed story of domestic strife in the sheep country.

The Sea Tiger. Unrestricted brawling in a seacoast town, with Milton Sills as the principal offender.

Let It Rain. A seagoing vehicle for the droll Douglas MacLean.

Casey at the Bat. Wallace Beery plays the immortal whiffer in a Gay Nineties comedy that is really funny.

Long Pants. Some of it is worthy of Harry Langdon.



PORTRAIT OF A NUDE DECIDING TO RENEW HER SUBSCRIPTION TO *Popular Mechanics*.

Developments

The Rough Riders. A not especially impressive epic of the Spanish War, with fine performances by Charles Farrell and Charles Emmett Mack.

When a Man Loves. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello go through a great number of wild adventures, and emerge without damage to their personal appearance.

Fashions for Women. Some very pretty clothes and some very interesting anatomy, if you like that sort of thing.

The Love of Sunya. Gloria Swanson wastes considerable effort on an unresponsive story.

Tell It to the Marines. The devil dogs at home and abroad, with splendid work by Lon Chaney.

The Better 'Ole. Syd Chaplin as Old Bill in a rough-house comedy.

Metropolis. Another orgy of futurism from the German cube factories, with but little point to justify it.

Change: *Stark Love*; *Slide, Kelly, Slide*; *What Price Glory*; *Old Ironsides*; *The Fire Brigade*; *Beau Geste*; *The Big Parade*. All excellent.

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50c

25c

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Generations of tobacco culture, years of selecting and of testing the finest leaf tobacco, of scientific mellowing and blending, have gone into the perfecting of Old Briar. IT ALL SHOWS UP IN THE SMOKE.

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Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Caller: HERE, WHAT THE—?

Maid: IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. MASTER'S IN A 'URRY TO FINISH 'IS PICTURE FOR THE ACADEMY, AND 'IS MODEL DIDN'T TURN UP, SO I'M OBLIGIN' 'IM.

—Humorist (London).

Falling Into Line

A LONDON theatre manager is punctilious about the retention of his war-service rank. A well-known actor-manager called on him at the theatre and asked for "Mr. Dash."

The well-trained door-man replied: "I will tell Colonel Dash; he is upstairs."

"Right," said the actor; "tell him Corporal Blank would like to see him."

—London Morning Post.

A Habit of Speaking

THE tired business man came home tired after a long day at the office. The family gathered for dinner. The tired business man bowed his head to ask the blessing and all was quiet.

"This is Mr. Jones speaking," he began.—New York Sun.

ANOTHER sorry figure is the great educator who signed up to teach on a "floating university" and discovered he was a chaperon.—Detroit News.

"No wonder th' boys that fought t' end war never mention it."

—Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.



Considerate Motorist: HOLD YOUR BREATH—THE MON-OXIDE GAS IS POISONOUS!

—Söndagsnisse-Strix (Stockholm).

THE feminine continues fairly eternal, and yesterday we heard a girl call 'em "stepinnies".—Ohio State Journal.



GOING FOR A MERE SONG.

—London Opinion.

You Can't Be Too Careful

A "BLIND" beggar sat at the entrance of a subway kiosk with a tin cup in his hand. A passer-by, slightly under the affluence of incohol, took out his pocket flask and started to pour a drink into the man's cup.

The beggar opened his eyes suddenly, saw the flask and yelled: "Nix, nix! None of that stuff. Do you t'ink I wanta go blind?"—New York American.

Easy Payments

MOTORIST (short of ready cash): Here's five shillings. I'll give you some more later.

VICTIM: What's the idea? Do you think you can run over me on the instalment system?

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

BEYOND the Alps lies Mussolini.

—Detroit Free Press.

Local Fame

THE return to the home town of the "local boy" who has made good in the big city is rarely, we have understood, what it might be. In connection with this we have to report the particularly sad experience of a young banker who, after eight years of absence, alighted at the station of the town of his birth. There was, despite his expectations, no one on the platform whom he knew. No one. Discouraged, he sought out the baggage master, a friend since boyhood. To him at least he would be welcome, and he was about to extend a hearty greeting when the other spoke first.

"Hello, George," he said. "Goin' away?"—New Yorker.

A Question of Literacy

THIS happened to Professor Munro when he went to vote:

POLLING CLERK: Your name?

Mr. M.: Mr. Munro.

P. C.: Your profession?

Mr. M.: Harvard professor.

P. C.: Can you read and write?

—Radeliffe News.

A Decisive Battle

HOBBS: I understand Tom and his wife just had their first quarrel. Was it serious?

DOBBS: Very. He gave in and thus established a precedent.

—Boston Transcript.

SIGN on a border restaurant near the Rio Grande in Texas: "Near Beer Sold Here and Real Beer Sold Near Here."

—Johnson County Democrat.



"DID YOU HEAR ABOUT MAME?"

"NO. WHAT?"

"DIDN'T YOU SEE IT? SHE WAS SHOT IN THE GRAPHIC!"

—New Masses.

The Way of the World

DIOGENES, after his centuries of hopeful trudging about the Elysian Fields looking for an honest politician, was suddenly observed to be blowing out the light in his lantern.

"My search is over," he told the throng of awed ghosts. "I've just read Al Smith's letter to Charles Marshall."

"In that case," observed one of the attending spooks, "you abandon cynicism after all these centuries?"

"Hades, no," said Diogenes. "This is the finest document ever written by a presidential candidate, but the other man will be chosen by the people of his country."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

No Charge

"For several months I have been troubled with pains in my back. A friend says I have a vertebrae in my spine. Please tell me what kind of a treatment I can take for this."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Our advice is, get a new friend.

—*New Yorker*.

HAVE you heard the new sob sister song? "Mighty Lachrymose."

—*New York Sun*.



She: WELL, MY DEAR, IF YOU DON'T DANCE, DON'T DRINK AND DON'T SMOKE, YOU CAN'T BE HAVING MUCH FUN.

He: OH, YES—I'M LOOKING AT YOU.
—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

TRAFFIC COP—A large forceful person of few words, but often.—*Detroit News*.

Narrow Escape

PETT RIDGE tells of a junior clerk who approached the head of a firm which was doing none too well, with a view to a rise in salary.

"Certainly not," was the reply, "and let me warn you, young man, if you're not jolly careful I'll make you a partner!"—*London Opinion*.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Yes, Virginia, There Is an Elmer

FROM the Bay City Times-Tribune: "Elmer Gantry, 1844 Trumbull street, reported to the police that a headlight was stolen from his automobile while it was parked at the rear of his house, Wednesday."—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

A CONTEMPORARY says it is impossible for Signor Mussolini to be in London and in Italy at the same time. We should never have dared to say that.—*Punch*.

"They are both above medium height, but she is the talker of the two."—*Weekly Paper*.

THE lady in the case generally is.
—*Humorist (London)*.

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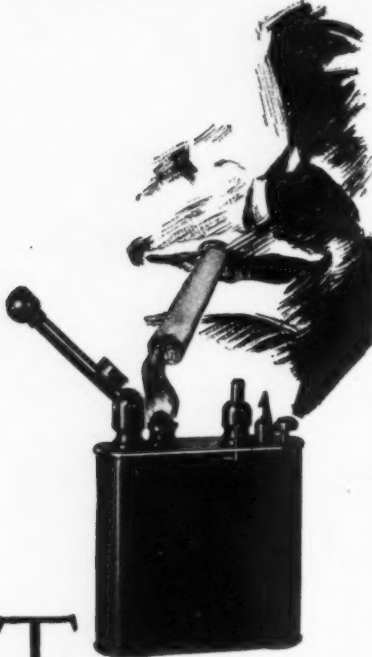


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It's exactly like the \$10 to \$150 models of the famous Douglass Lighter, except in the material and finish of the case—the new Black Douglass for \$5. At that, its burnished metal case is as dressy as dinner clothes.

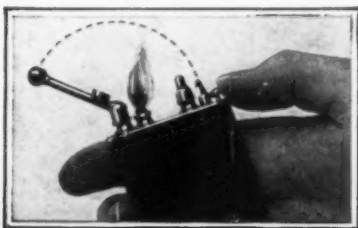
And after all you want a Douglass for Douglass simplicity and precision. No gadgets to lift; no wheels to turn—it lights at the mere press of a trigger!

Compared with this, matches are bungle-some and lighters less simple are shorn of their glory—even when they work. Smokers today, smart smokers at least, consider the Douglass essential equipment.

Get a Douglass Lighter now—the Black Douglass if you can resist the charm of the gold and silver models and the novelty of the models cased in leathers.

If you have the slightest difficulty in finding a tobacconist or jeweler who can show you Douglass Lighters, write Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago, who will gladly direct you and send you, too, an interesting folder, "This Matchless Age." The Douglass Co.

Press the trigger—there's your light



LOOK FOR NAME DOUGLASS ON BOTTOM OF LIGHTER
Use Douglass Lighter Fluid; just the right grade

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

the others, and I know what Polonius said to Laertes on the subject, too. For luncheon at an inn with Lucy Tompkins, who always talks to me as if my intelligence were not at par, and I did laugh so heartily and without disputation at some of her ultimata that I do believe she would have stopped by at Bellevue with me on very little more provocation. Formerly I was wont to pay some heed to persons whose views differed radically from my own, but time has taught me that I am just as likely to be right as they are. So home, where Dr. Cuff was come to paint my throat with iodine, and I did beseech him to give me an anæsthetic first, but he would not, taking thereby a fearful chance of having his hand bitten. Dinner at the Cheyneys', and there was a man there who, when I owned to my enthusiasm for hot-dog wagons, strove valiantly to explain to me how their wares were made, but I would not let him, for that I mean to lose no illusion when I can prevent its departure.

May 5th My husband, poor wretch, guffawing throughout the early morning, for that he had awakened and was reading Ethel Kelley's "Home, James," and the bit which pleased him most was Jimmie's recording that a woman cannot be shown figures because she will either start to cry or to hum something, so I did not deem it an auspicious moment to speak about my new neckpiece, albeit my birthday is but eleven days hence. But I did entreat him, because of his great good humor, to have engraved on my wedding ring, which has never yet been inscribed, something from Alfred De Musset which I found in a book the other day, i. e.: "*Ce fugitif instant fut toute votre vie: Ne le regrettez pas.*" Forasmuch as it might set him to wondering whether I may be getting somewhat restless or neurasthenic, and cause him to think of something on his own far better than a fox scarf. But he did bear the ring off to the jeweler with no comment soever, so mayhap I have underestimated his conceit. Kept to my bed all this day because of my painful throat, reading again in Michael Arlen's new novel, "Young Men in Love," the scene between young Raphael and his father's butler, with the inebriate secretary in the background, which is one of the most comickal pieces of writing that ever I read in my life.

Baird Leonard.

Play the SILVER KING*



BUNKERS to the left of him and traps to the right! 2 down and 3 to go! This is a situation that calls for a far-flying Silver King, for this is a place where a man needs all the help that this best of good golf balls can give him!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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Literary Anecdote

THERE was nothing that James Whitcomb Riley liked better than a cup of weak tea. Once when he and Edgar Wilson (Bill) Nye were eating chocolate soldiers after an arduous siege of lecturing, the talk turned to fame.

"The keystone of every famous author's glory is one character," said Nye. "Shakespeare achieved fame through inventing the character of Falstaff. Dickens is deservedly well known for his Samuel Weller. Thackeray created Becky Sharp. Now then, Mr. Riley, from what character of your invention did you obtain your reputation?"

"I got it Orphan Annie," answered Riley, who had not had more than three cups of diluted tea since dinner time.

—Akron Beacon Journal.

As Produced

THEATRICAL MANAGER: That's the first act. How d'you like it?

PLAYWRIGHT: Fine—who wrote it?

MANAGER: You did.

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

"Harry Mills, who used to direct the Silver Comet Band of this town, is applying to the State board for a pardon."

—Mercyville (Iowa) Banner.

If it's up to us, we vote "No" unanimously.—New York Evening Post.

"Don't you understand," said the tired mother cricket to her joyful last-born, "that nowadays legs are made to be seen and not heard?"—Collier's.



CHALFONTE- HADDON HALL

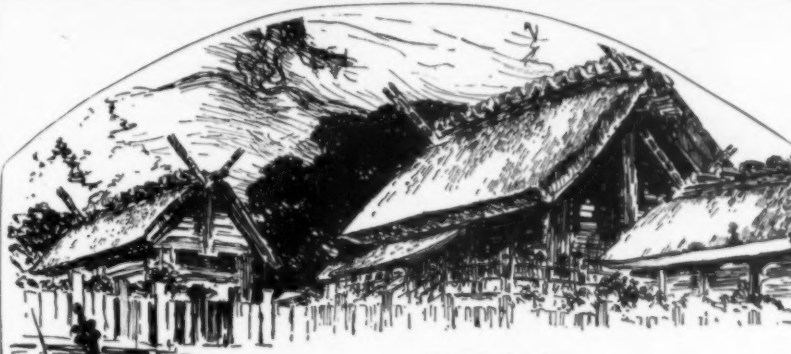
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25 Broadway New York	101 Bourse Building Philadelphia, Pa.
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Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50c.



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I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream.
You may send me a trial tube—no charge.

Name

Address

Among the New Books

Home, James. By Ethel Kelley (*Knopf*). Light and extremely pleasant reading about a young girl who married the family chauffeur.

The Conqueror's Stone. By Berry Fleming (*John Day*). A pirate king with an evil past comes back to his father's Carolina plantation in 1766.

Pharisees and Publicans. By E. F. Benson (*Doran*). An intriguing and hypocritical woman drives her husband almost crazy.

Young Men in Love. By Michael Arlen (*Doran*). More Forest of Arden, with dimmers.

Whoops, Dearie! By Peter Arno (*Simon & Schuster*). Pretty terrible.

Ask Me, Too. By J. N. Leonard (*Viking Press*). A question book for young people up to fifteen.

The Goose-Feather Bed. By E. Temple Thurston (*Doran*). Romance against the glamour of circus life and the lure of the road.

The Adventures of an Oaf. Text by Frank Sullivan; pictures by Herb Roth (*Macy-Masius*). First-class nonsense for the guest-room table.

The Immortal Marriage. By Gertrude Atherton (*Boni & Liveright*). The ancient Greeks again, with Pericles and Aspasia in the center of the stage.

The Lovely Ship. By Storm Jameson (*Knopf*). Another fine-spirited woman done with the author's characteristic excellence against a mid-Nineteenth Century background. To be reviewed later.

An American Saga. By Carl Christian Jensen (*Little, Brown*). Another immigrant sets down his story.

France on Ten Words a Day. By H. McCarty Lee (*Simon & Schuster*). A worthy attempt to lighten instruction, with illustrations by Arno.

The Foolish Question Book. By H. I. Phillips (*Clode*). Diverting burlesque of the current craze.

The Marionette. By Edwin Muir (*Viking Press*). Fictional fantasy.

The Starling. By Doris Leslie (*Century*). The love life of a charming lady in that London where Chelsea and Mayfair meet.

Brother Saul. By Donn Byrne (*Century*). The story of Saul of Tarsus plus the grandeur that was Rome.

In China. By Abel Bonnard (*Dutton*). A French Academy prize book which makes interesting and timely reading.

B. L.

Books Received

Man: An Indictment. By Anthony M. Ludovici (*Dutton*).

The Bird of Fire. By Maria Moravsky (*Crowell*).

The Third Reader. By Fred Schaefer (*Longacre Press*).

Robert Herrick, the Last Elizabethan. By Leon Mandel II (*Argus Press*).

A Secret of the Marsh. By Oliver Warner (*Dutton*).

My Thirty Years of Friendships. By Salvatore Cortesi (*Harper*).

The Shining Hours. By Mary Meek Atkeson (*Century*).

How Europe Made Peace Without America. By Frank H. Simonds (*Doubleday, Page*).

The Georgetown Anthology. (*Dorance*.)

The Diary of an Old Bohemian. By Thomas Nunan (*Wagner*).

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Rhymed Reviews

Sorrell and Son

By Warwick Deeping.

Alfred A. Knopf.

THE guns were mute, the war was won,
And needy Captain Stephen Sorrell
Was left to bring up Kit, his son,
And try to make him strong and moral.

As Sorrell wouldn't beg or rob
And couldn't work with brick and mortar
Nor land a nice white-collar job,
He took a berth as boots and porter.

This sire and son were lone and lorn
(Divorce had lost the boy his mother),
So Kit and Stephen both were sworn
To have no secrets from each other.

Now Stephen shouldered trunks and drudged;
No matter where the world would shove him
He toiled for Kit and never budged
For snobs below nor snobs above him.

He made his way, he schooled his boy,
He saw his talents grow and burgeon
Till Kit became, to Stephen's joy,
An able, eminent young surgeon.

No love of woman, neither foe
Nor heart's delight could break the tether
That bound these two; in weal and woe
They spoke with naked hearts together.

And last, when Stephen might not mend
But lay foredoomed to groan and languish,
'Twas Christopher who dared to end
His stricken father's hopeless anguish.

A tale too fine for carping at
Which seems to prove—or offers, rather,
A powerful suggestion that
A boy's best friend may be his father.

Arthur Guiterman.



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2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

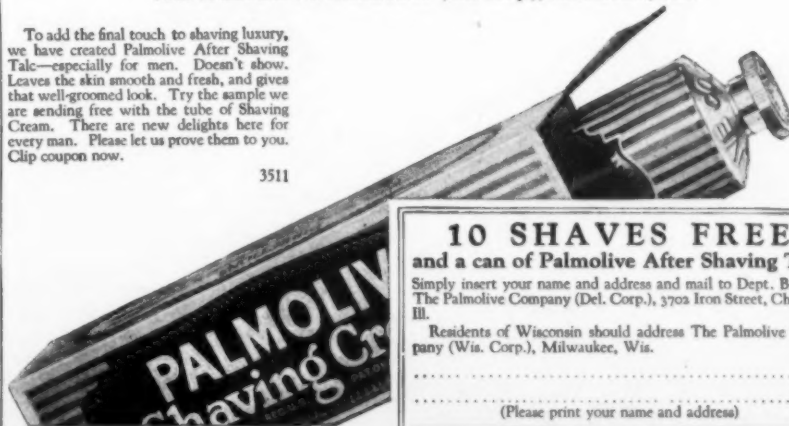
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Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

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Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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Making Ready

(LIFE's Camps for Needy Children.)

(Continued from page 22)

child to one of LIFE's Camps for this fine long holiday. But, any sum less than that helps a lot toward getting one child's vacation money together. Do not consider any amount too small. Larger donations? Well, you know what they mean to the work.

Two hundred dollars (\$200), while not yielding quite enough yearly income (especially under our new system) to pay for a child's holiday, establishes, however, a Fresh Air Endowment and goes into a perpetual trust with other funds, which insures that every year some poor child shall have his dreams of blue skies and deep cool woods and magic swimming pools come true. A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation that the donor chooses. One of them makes an ideal and beautiful memorial to some lost dear one.

Checks should be drawn to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All contributions are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after receipt, and also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.

A Storm in the Senate

(Continued from page 10)

The Senator for Steel and Iron then pointed out that history had shown that nothing improved a country so much as railroads. Nicaragua should have railroads and more railroads. The country, in fact, should be nothing but railroads. There should be piers, too—steel piers on which theatrical entertainments could be given which would attract tourists. The Senator for Lee and J. J. Shubert lost no time in stating that the fifth road company of "The Student Prince" would be routed to Nicaragua at once.

The debate degenerated into a brawl when the Senator for Pale Dry Ginger Ale started to argue with the Senator for Coca Cola over the question of a suitable Nicaraguan National Drink. It was then that the Marines were recalled from Central America to restore order in Washington.

Hugh Abercrombie.

It Might Happen

It would be awful to get your hair, teeth, complexion and so on fixed up, as advised in the ads, and then discover the reason you aren't appointed general manager of the firm is that you don't know enough.—*Terre Haute Tribune.*

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"Old Town Canoes"

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(Please turn to page 11 for other information.)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked “ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.”

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, “Well, you see, it’s this way...” Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant’s name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR must reach LIFE’s office before 12 noon on June 9, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of June 30, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE’s staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

The Timid Soul in Chicago

CHICAGO has no parallel to New York’s Sullivan law, the feeling out there being that nobody timid enough to conceal a weapon can be much of a menace to the community, anyway.

—New York Herald Tribune.

“All taxi-drivers in a large city,” declares a magistrate, “ought to be good linguists.” Well, aren’t they?

—Ideas (London).



“What can have happened to them? Do you suppose they’ve had an accident?”

“More likely Jim is having tire trouble again; he doesn’t seem to learn by experience. I switched over to Kelly-Springfields long ago.”



Pocket Ben

A sturdy
dependable watch

YOUR time is valuable; you want to be prompt; you need a watch you can depend on.

Pocket Ben tells the truth about starting time, meal-time, bed-time. Carry him wherever you go. He's as sturdy as he's good-looking.

Pocket Ben is Big Ben's little brother. "Westclox" on his dial stands for good time-keeping.

Sold everywhere for \$1.50. With luminous night dial \$2.25.

**WESTERN CLOCK
COMPANY**
La Salle, Illinois

Thoughts of a Girl at the Movies

I'M dying to see this thing "Twin Bedouins" by that Pearl Swoon person who writes all those delightful things about sheiks I wish they wouldn't have these raucous comedies all the time I like something romantic thank heavens that's over gosh why do they bother to list all these Jewish gentlemen before they put on the picture who gives a darn about who did the photography or anything gee I adore Doris Kenyon lots of people have told me I look something like her Milton Sills is kind of intriguing-looking I wonder if they really like to neck each other that way necking is getting sort of embarrassing the way they do it in the movies it's so life-like it embarrasses me wonder why men kiss you that way starting on your lips and sort of skidding all over your face it's funny but I like it gosh I must have missed something I don't get this part here at all I forget whether he's still supposed to be with that other man in that oasis effect or whether he's there thank heavens I won't have to bother about remembering because here he comes in the harem window this ought to be good damn that woman in back of me she keeps poking me with her foot I wonder why they have those poisonous openings between the backs and seats of movie-theatre chairs people are always putting their toes through them and poking you gosh I think this picture is rather a flat tire anyways guess I'll wake up Tommy and make him take me somewheres to dance....

Lloyd Mayer.

Revived

A RATHER deaf lady found herself sitting beside a surgeon at dinner. She asked: "Should I call you Dr. T—— or Mr. T——?"

"Call me what you like, madam," he replied, and added, genially: "Some of my friends call me an old fool."

"Ah," she rejoined, not hearing correctly what he had said, but anxious to be pleasant, "those are the people who know you intimately!"

—London Daily Chronicle.

Specialization

LAUNDRY-WORKERS, we read, need different temperaments according to the departments in which they are employed. An expert collar-crinkler, for instance, might lack the dash necessary in the shirt-ripping room.—Punch.

OUT in the land of corn and pork, where a cob in the jug makes a pretty good cork, and they don't pitch hay with a garden fork—that's the place for a Summer White House.—Detroit News.



"Gambling or Gamboling—

It's all the same with Arabella. But believe you me, she's one little heavy date that won't gamble with her make-up. She's always a treat for any masculine orbs."

Keeping that school girl complexion is only a part of the job of looking top hole. It takes Neet to put on the finishing touch. Neet, you know, is the cream that does such wonders in removing hair from arms, underarms and legs. It's got shaving knocked for the count of ten because it's easy to use and it positively puts the brake on the further growth of hair.

Get wise, you Arabellas, to Neet. The drug store around the corner carries it. Test a tube. You'll be delighted.



Neet

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For 130 years the Hobson family has been at 6, Gracechurch Street.

Mr. H. S. Hobson has written a book, "London's Cradle" describing the antiquities of Roman and Mediaeval London. This will willingly be sent to you free on application.

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ESTABLISHED 1796

Five Generations of One Family

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The Conventions

WHEN I was very young, and quite
Concerned about what seemed polite,
I and my room-mate once got all
Dressed up, and sallied forth to call
Upon two charming girls we knew
But very slightly, it is true,
But who had much attracted us.
We dressed with more than common fuss,
Tying the puff ties carefully,
Brushing the silk hats prayerfully,
Removing sundry lints and motes
From the waist-pinchd Prince Albert
coats,
Holding the canes at just the angle
That Fashion counseled them to dangle.
We called; we bowed with gallant airs,
We sat correctly on our chairs;
Then finally one sister spoke
Impulsively: "Boys, won't you smoke?
It will not bother us a bit!"
It was a lovely thought, but it
Was futile, for we had not brought
Our cigarettes along. But naught
Could stay these gay, bohemian pets—
It seems they had some cigarettes
They kept for callers! So we smoked
And, with some awkwardness, we joked
About those Smokes for Visitors.
But when we had got out-of-doors,
We walked along a little sadly.
The girls had started rather badly,
We thought. 'Twas not the thing to say,
But weren't they just a little...gay?
We shook our heads, deceived young men,
And never called on them again.

—Ted Robinson, in *Cleveland*

Plain Dealer.

The Modern Father Again

EXCERPT from a letter from a father
to his son, who is attending the Uni-
versity of Kansas:

"I hope you are getting through with
your examinations all right, as, of course,
after all, this is a matter which should be
given some attention, provided you can
spare the time from having your clothes
pressed. I have often thought if the uni-
versity had been located in Wallace
County, where there are no distractions,
and where, if you wanted a Rent-a-Ford
you would have to go to Cheyenne or
Cody, Wyo., it would have disclosed great
foresight on the part of the founders of
the institution, and perhaps resulted in a
lower percentage of illiteracy."

—Larned (Kan.) Tiller and Toiler.

Any Offers?

"TOURIST CHATCH YOUR CHANCE: Refined
Swiss Gentleman speaking fluently English,
French, German. Motorist, very sociable, dis-
posing of a savoire faire, spending presently
holidays Switzerland, seeks connection with for-
eign tourists as interpreter."—*Swiss Hotel*
Company house organ.

Just tell him anything at all, and he'll
make it plain.—*New Yorker.*

YOUTH: And when the boat went down
I was swimming about for two hours
before I was picked up!

MAID: Oh, how lovely! I adore swim-
ming.—*Tit-Bits (London).*

ADD Similes of 1927—"As bizarre as
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s idea of pay-
ing off \$3,000,000 by pounding a type-
writer."—*New York Graphic.*

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to life's
better
things



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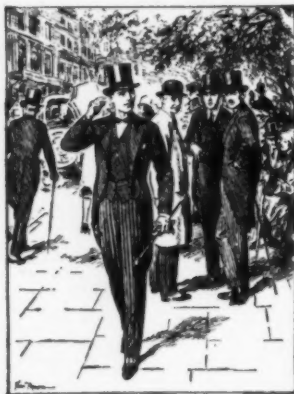
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Irate Stage Manager (during 58,116th performance of "Abie's Irish Rose"): SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEAR OF ALL THE MIRTH IN THAT SCENE? YOU CRABBED THE ACT. Actor: HA, HA, HA! OH, DEAR! I JUST SAW THE POINT OF THAT LINE ABOUT ABIE GETTING WOUNDED IN THE ARGONNE!

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— EVERY week!

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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